

**DELL**  
COMIC

NO. 488

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*The Famous Horse Classic*

# BLACK BEAUTY



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## Introduction:

The first place I can remember, was a large, pleasant meadow with a pond of clear water in it. Over the hedge on one side we looked into a plowed field, and on the other we looked over a gate at our master's house, which stood by the roadside. At the top of the meadow was a plantation of fir trees, and at the bottom a running brook overhung by a steep bank.

In the daytime I ran by my mother's side, and at night I lay down close by her.

As soon as I was old enough to eat grass, my mother used to go out to work in the daytime, and return in the evening.



There were six young colts in the meadow besides me; they were older than I was, some were nearly as large as grown-up horses. I used to run with them, and had great fun; we used to gallop all together round and round the field, as hard as we could go. Sometimes we had rather rough play, for they would frequently bite and kick as well as gallop.

One day, when there was a good deal of kicking, my mother whinnied to me to come to her, and then she said,

*"I wish you to pay attention to what I am going to say to you. The colts who live here are very good colts, but they are cart-horse colts, and, of course they have not learned manners. You have been well-bred and wellborn, your father has a great name in these parts, and your grandfather won the cup two years at the Newmarket Races; your grandmother had the sweetest temper of any horse I ever knew, and I think you have never seen me kick or bite. I hope you will grow up gentle and good, and never learn bad ways, do your work with a good will, lift your feet up well when you trot, and never bite or kick even in play."*



I have never forgotten my mother's advice

WHEN I WAS FOUR YEARS OLD, SQUIRE GORDON CAME TO LOOK AT ME. HE EXAMINED ME CAREFULLY THEN HE SAID TO MY MASTER:



MY MASTER LOST NO TIME ABOUT IT, FOR THE NEXT DAY HE BEGAN. EVERYONE MAY NOT KNOW WHAT BREAKING IS, THEREFORE I WILL DESCRIBE IT: IT MEANS TO TEACH A HORSE TO WEAR A SADDLE AND BRIDLE.



AND TO CARRY ON HIS BACK A MAN, WOMAN, OR CHILD, TO GO JUST THE WAY THEY WISH, AND TO GO QUIETLY.



BESIDES THIS, HE HAS TO LEARN TO WEAR A COLLAR, A CRUPPER, AND A BRIDCHING, AND TO STAND STILL WHILE THEY ARE PUT ON.



THEN TO HAVE A CART OR A CHAISE FIRED BEHIND HIM, SO THAT HE CANNOT WALK OR TROT WITHOUT DRAGGING IT AFTER HIM.



MY MASTER OFTEN DROVE ME IN DOUBLE HARNNESS WITH MY MOTHER, BECAUSE SHE WAS STEADY AND COULD TRAGHNE MEN TO SO BETTER THAN A STRANGE HORSE.



SHE TOLD ME THE BETTER I BEHAVED, THE BETTER I SHOULD BE TREATED, AND THAT IT WAS THE WISEST ALWAYS TO DO MY BEST TO PLEASE MY MASTER.



"BUT," SAID SHE, "THERE ARE A GREAT MANY KINDS OF MEN; THERE ARE THE GOOD, THOUGHTFUL MEN LIKE OUR MASTER, THAT ANY HORSE MAY BE PROUD TO SERVE---"



"AND THERE ARE BAD CRUEL MEN, WHO NEVER OUGHT TO HAVE A HORSE OR OGG TO CALL THEIR OWN..."



"I HOPE YOU WILL FALL INTO GOOD HANDS, BUT A HORSE NEVER KNOWS WHO MAY BUY HIM OR WHO MAY DRIVE HIM, IT IS ALL A CHANCE FOR US---"



"BUT STILL I SAY, DO YOUR BEST WHEREVER IT IS AND KEEP UP YOUR GOOD NAME."



IT WAS EARLY IN MAY WHEN THERE CAME A MAN FROM  
SOURCE SORDON'S TO TAKE ME AWAY.



SOURCE SORDON'S PARK SKIRTED THE VILLAGE  
OF BERTWICK. BUT I NEED ONLY DESCRIBE THE  
STABLE INTO WHICH I WAS TAKEN----

I COULD NOT SAY 'GOOD-BYE' TO MY MASTER, SO  
I PUT MY NOSE INTO HIS HANDS. HE PATTED ME  
KINDLY. THEN I LEFT MY FIRST HOME.



THIS WAS VERY ROOMY, WITH FOUR GOOD STALLS. THE  
STALL I WAS PUT INTO WAS CALLED A LOOSE BOX,  
BECAUSE THE HORSE THAT WAS PUT INTO IT WAS NOT  
TIED UP, BUT LEFT LOOSE TO GO AS HE LIKED. IT IS A  
GREAT THING TO HAVE A LOOSE BOX. THE OTHER  
STALLS IN THE STABLE WERE COMMON STALLS.



IN THE STALL NEXT TO MINE STOOD A  
LITTLE FAT GREY PONY WITH A THICK MANE  
AND TAIL, A VERY PRETTY HEAD AND A FERT  
LITTLE NOSE. I PUT MY HEAD UP TO THE  
IRON BARS AT THE TOP OF MY BOX AND SAID,  
"HOW DO YOU DO? WHAT IS YOUR NAME?"



HE SAID, "MY NAME IS MERRYLESS.  
I'M VERY HANDSOME. I CARRY THE  
YOUNG LADIES ON MY BACK. IF YOU'RE  
GOING TO LIVE NEXT DOOR TO ME, I  
HOPE YOU'RE GOOD-TEMPERED, I  
DON'T LIKE ANYONE WHO BITES."



JUST THEN A HORSE'S HEAD LOOKED OVER FROM THE STALL BEYOND AND SHE SAID, "SO IT'S YOU WHO HAVE TURNED ME OUT OF MY BOX. IT IS A STRANGE THING FOR A COLT LIKE YOU TO COME AND TURN A LADY OUT OF HER OWN HOME."



"I SEE YOUR PAROON, I SAID, I HAVE TURNED NO ONE OUT, THE MAN WHO BROUGHT ME PUT ME HERE, AND I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT. AND AS TO MY BEING A COLT, I AM TURNED FOUR YEARS OLD, AND AM A GROWNUP HORSE. I NEVER HAS WORDS YET WITH HORSE OR MAN, AND IT'S MY WISH TO LIVE AT PEACE."



IN THE AFTERNOON WHEN SHE WENT OUT, MERRYLESS TOLD ME ALL ABOUT IT. "THE THING IS THIS," SAID MERRYLESS, "GINGER HAS A BAD HABIT OF BITING AND SNAPPING, THAT'S WHY THEY CALL HER GINGER WHEN SHE WAS IN THE LODGE BOX, SHE USED TO SNAP VERY MUCH. ONE DAY SHE BIT JAMES IN THE ARM AND MADE IT BLEED."



I TOLD HIM I NEVER BITE ANYTHING BUT GRASS, HAY AND CORN, AND COULD NOT THINK WHAT PLEASURE GINGER FOUND IN IT. "WELL, I DON'T THINK SHE DOES FIND PLEASURE," SAID MERRYLESS, "IT IS JUST A BAD HABIT--- SHE MUST HAVE BEEN ALL-USED BEFORE SHE CAME HERE."



"I AM TWELVE YEARS OLD, I KNOW A GREAT DEAL, AND I CAN TELL YOU THERE IS NOT A BETTER PLACE FOR A HORSE ALL AROUND THE COUNTRY THAN THIS. OUR MASTER NEVER USES A WHIP IF A HORSE ACTS RIGHT. JOHN IS THE BEST GROOM THAT EVER WAS, AND YOU NEVER SAW SUCH A KIND BOY AS JAMES IS, SO IT IS ALL GINGER'S OWN FAULT THAT SHE DID NOT STAY IN THAT LODGE BOX."



THE NEXT DAY I WAS BROUGHT UP FOR MY MASTER TO RIDE. I REMEMBERED MY MOTHER'S COUNSEL AND I TRIED TO DO EXACTLY WHAT HE WANTED ME TO DO.



I FOUND HE WAS A VERY GOOD RIDER, AND  
THOUGHTFUL OF HIS HORSE, TOO.



WHEN WE CAME HOME, MRS. GORDON WAS AT THE DOOR  
AS HE RODE UP.



WELL, DEAR, HOW DO  
YOU LIKE HIM?

A PLEASANTER CREATURE I  
NEVER WISH TO MOUNT. WHAT  
SHALL WE CALL HIM?

WOULD YOU CALL  
HIM BLACKBIRD,  
LIKE YOUR UNCLE'S  
OLD HORSE?

NO, HE'S FAR  
HANDSOMER THAN OLD  
BLACKBIRD EVER WAS.



YES, HE'S REALLY QUITE A  
BEAUTY. WHAT DO YOU SAY TO  
CALLING HIM BLACK BEAUTY?



BLACK BEAUTY—WELL, YES— -- IF  
YOU LIKE, IT SHALL BE HIS NAME!

A FEW DAYS AFTER THIS, I HAD TO GO OUT WITH GINGER  
IN THE CARRIAGE. SHE BEHAVED VERY WELL. SHE DIDN'T  
WORK HORSELY, AND GAVE HER FULL SHARE. I NEVER WISH  
TO HAVE A BETTER PARTNER IN DOUBLE HARNESS.



AFTER HE HAD BEEN OUT TWO OR THREE  
TIMES TOGETHER, HE BECAME QUITE FRIENDLY  
AND SOCIABLE, WHICH MADE ME FEEL  
VERY MUCH AT HOME.





THE LONDON I LIVED AT BIRTHWICK, THE MOST PROUD AND HAPPY I FELT AS HAVING SUCH A PLACE. OUR MASTER AND MISTRESS WERE RESPECTED AND LOVED BY ALL WHO KNEW THEM. THEY WERE GOOD AND KIND TO EVERYBODY AND EVERYTHING, NOT ONLY MEN AND WOMEN, BUT HORSES AND COWS, DOGS AND CATS, CATTLE AND BIRDS.

THE SQUIRE HAD WORKED FOR MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS TO HAVE BEARING REINS ON THE CART HORSES COME AWAY WITH A BEARING REIN AND TWO BITS INSTEAD OF ONE. IT CAUSED GREAT PAIN TO A HORSE, FORCING HIM TO KEEP HIS HEAD STRAINED UP.



SOMETIMES IF MISTRESS MET A HEAVILY-LOADED HORSE WITH HIS HEAD STRAINED UP, SHE WOULD STOP THE CARRIAGE---



---AND GET OUT AND REASON WITH THE DRIVER IN HER SWEET, SENSIBLE VOICE, AND TRY TO SHOW HIM HOW FOOLISH AND CRUEL IT WAS.



I DON'T THINK ANY MAN COULD WITHSTAND OUR MISTRESS. I WISH ALL LADIES WERE LIKE HER.





ONE DAY LATE IN AFTERNOON, MR. MASTER HAD A LONG JOURNEY TO MAKE ON BUSINESS. HE WAS PUT INTO THE COB CART. JOHN CAME WITH HIS MASTER.



THE MASTER'S BUSINESS ENGAGED HIM A LONG TIME IN TOWN. HE DID NOT START FOR HOME TILL LATE IN THE AFTERNOON.



IT BEGAN TO STORM. THE WIND WAS HIGH...MR. MASTER WAS CONCERNED...

JOHN, I'VE NEVER BEEN OUT IN SUCH A STORM. I WISH WE WERE WELL OUT OF THIS WOOD.

YES, SIR, IT WOULD BE ANXIOUS IF ONE OF THESE BRANCHES CAME DOWN ON US.



THE WORDS WERE SCARCELY OUT OF HIS MOUTH, WHEN AN OAK TOOK UP BY ITS ROOTS, FELL RIGHT ACROSS THE ROAD JUST BEFORE THEM.



I WILL NOT SAY I WASN'T FRIGHTENED, BUT I DID NOT NERVE OR RUN AWAY.

THAT WAS A VERY NEAR TOUCH. WHAT'S TO BE DONE NOW, JOHN?

WELL, SIR, WE CAN'T DRIVE OVER THAT TREE NOR AROUND IT. WE'LL HAVE TO GO BACK SIX MILES TO THE WOODEN BRIDGE.



SO BACK WE WENT. BUT BY THE TIME WE GOT TO THE BRIDGE, IT WAS NEARLY DARK. WE COULD JUST SEE THAT THE WATER WAS OVER THE MIDDLE OF IT. BUT AS THAT HAPPENED SOMETIMES DURING FLOODS, OUR MASTER



WE WERE GOING ALONG AT A GOOD PACE, BUT THE MOMENT MY FEET TOUCHED THE BRIDGE, I FELT SURE SOMETHING WAS WRONG. I STOPPED DEAD NOT DARING TO GO FORWARD.

SO ON, BEAUTY?



OF COURSE I COULD NOT TELL THEM, BUT I KNEW VERY WELL THAT THE BRIDGE WAS UNSAFE.

COME ON, BEAUTY, WHAT'S THE MATTER?



JUST THEN, THE TOLL-GATE KEEPER ON THE OTHER SIDE RAN OUT OF HIS CARRIAGE, WAVING A TORCH ABOUT LIKE ONE MAD.

HOY! HOY! STOP!

WHAT'S THE MATTER?



THE BRIDGE IS BROKEN IN THE MIDDLE AND PART OF IT IS CARRIED AWAY! IF YOU COME ON, YOU'LL BE INTO THE RIVER!



AT LAST WE CAME TO THE PARK GATES, AND FOUND THE GARDENER LOOKING FOR US.

THE MISTRESS HAD BEEN IN A DREADFUL WAY EVER SINCE DARKEN, FEARING SOME ACCIDENT HAD HAPPENED.



ARE YOU REALLY SAFEDOWN, I'VE BEEN SO ANXIOUS DID YOU HAVE AN ACCIDENT?

NO, MY DEAR. BUT IF BLACK BEAUTY HADN'T BEEN WISER THAN WE WERE, WE SHOULD ALL HAVE BEEN CARRIED DOWN THE RIVER AT THE WOODEN BRIDGE.



ONE MORNING EARLY IN DECEMBER, JOHN HAD JUST LEO ME INTO MY BOX AFTER MY DAILY EXERCISE AND WAS STRAPPING MY CLOTH ON. JAMES WAS COMING IN FROM THE CORN CHAMBER WITH SOME OATS.



THE MASTER CAME INTO THE STABLE, AN OPEN LETTER IN HIS HAND. HE LOOKED RATHER SERIOUS.

GOOD MORNING, JOHN. I WANT TO KNOW IF YOU HAVE ANY COMPLAINT TO MAKE OF JAMES.

NO, SIR?



IS HE INDUSTRIOUS AT HIS WORK AND RESPECTFUL TO YOU?

YES, SIR!

YOU NEVER FIND HE SLIGHTS HIS WORK WHEN YOUR BACK IS TURNED?

NEVER, SIR!

AND IF ANYBODY HAD BEEN SAYING THAT ABOUT JAMES, I DON'T BELIEVE IT, SIR! A STEADY, PLEASANT, MORE HONEST YOUNG FELLOW I NEVER HAD IN THIS STABLE, SIR.



JAMES, MY LAD, I'M VERY GLAD TO FIND JOHN'S OPINION OF YOUR CHARACTER AGREES SO EXACTLY WITH MY OWN.



I HAVE A LETTER FROM MY BROTHER-IN-LAW, SIR CLIFFORD WILLIAMS OF CLIFFORD HALL. HE WANTS ME TO FIND HIM A TRUSTWORTHY BREDON ABOUT TWENTY OR TWENTY-ONE, WHO KNOWS HIS BUSINESS. IT WOULD BE A GOOD START FOR YOU! I DON'T WANT TO PART WITH YOU, IF YOU SHOULD LEAVE US, I KNOW JOHN WOULD LOSE HIS RIGHT HAND!



THAT I SHOULD, SIR,  
BUT I WOULDN'T  
STAND IN HIS WAY  
FOR THE WORLD



LITTLE JOE GREEN?  
WHY, HE'S ONLY  
A CHILD!

HE'S  
FOURTEEN  
AND A  
HALF.



BUT HE'S  
SUCH A  
LITTLE  
CHAP!

YES, HE'S SMALL,  
BUT HE'S QUICK  
AND WILLING AND  
KINDHEARTED,  
TOO----



A FEW DAYS AFTER THIS CONVERSATION, IT WAS FULLY  
SETTLED THAT JAMES SHOULD GO TO CLIFFORD HALL.

JOHN, I WONDER  
WHO'S COMING IN MY  
PLACE?

LITTLE JOE GREEN  
AT THE LODGE.



WHY IT'LL BE SIX MONTHS  
BEFORE HE CAN BE OF MUCH  
USE. IT WILL TAKE YOU  
A DEAL OF WORK.

WELL, WORK AND I  
ARE GOOD FRIENDS.  
I NEVER WAS AFRAID  
OF WORK!



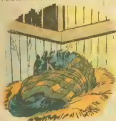
THE NEXT DAY, JOE CAME TO THE STABLES  
TO LEARN ALL HE COULD BEFORE JAMES LEFT.  
HE LEARNED TO SHEEP THE STABLES, TO BRING  
IN THE STRAW AND HAY, HE BEGAN TO CLEAN  
THE HARNESSES, AND HELP WASH THE CARRIAGE



AS HE WAS QUITE TOO SHORT TO DO ANYTHING IN THE  
WAY OF BRIDGING GINGER AND ME, JAMES TAUGHT  
HIM UPON THE PONY.



ONE NIGHT, A FEW DAYS AFTER JONES HAD LEFT,  
I WAS DOWN IN MY STABLE FAST ASLEEP—



WHEN I WAS SUDDENLY AWAKENED

"WAKE UP, BEAUTY! YOU MUST GO WELL NOW  
IF YOU EVER DID!"



NOW, JOHN, RIDE FOR YOUR MISTRESS' LIFE! THERE ISN'T  
A MOMENT TO LOSE. HAND THIS NOTE TO DOCTOR WHITE  
GIVE BEAUTY A REST AT THE  
INN, AND BE BACK AS  
SOON AS YOU CAN!



NOW, BEAUTY, DO  
YOUR BEST!



FOR HOURS I GALLOPED AS FAST AS I COULD LAY MY FEET  
TO THE GROUND. I DON'T BELIEVE MY GRANDFATHER WHO  
WON THE RACE AT NEWMARKET COULD HAVE DONE FASTER



THE CHURCH CLOCK  
STROCK THREE AS WE  
DREW UP AT THE  
DOCTOR'S HOUSE





THE DOCTOR WAS A HEAVIER MAN THAN JOE, AND NOT SO GOOD A RIDER. HOWEVER, I DID MY VERY BEST.



WHEN WE ARRIVED IN THE PARK, MY MASTER WAS AT THE HALL DOOR, FOR HE HAD HEARD US COMING. THE DOCTOR WENT INTO THE HOUSE WITH HIM AND JOE LED ME TO THE STABLE.



I WAS GLAD TO GET HOME. MY LEGS SHOOK UNDER ME. I HAD NOT A DRY HAIR ON MY BODY AND I STEAMED ALL OVER.



POOR JOE! HE WAS YOUNG AND SMALL, AND AS YET HE KNEW VERY LITTLE. BUT I'M SURE HE DID THE BEST HE KNEW. HE RUBBED MY LEGS AND CHEST, BUT HE DID NOT PUT MY WARM CLOTH ON ME. HE THOUGHT I WAS SO HOT THAT I SHOULD NOT LIKE IT.



HE GAVE ME A PAILFUL OF WATER TO DRINK. IT WAS COLD, AND VERY BAD, AND I DRANK IT ALL.



HE THEN GAVE ME SOME HAY AND SOME OATS, AND THINKING HE HAD DONE RIGHT, HE WENT AWAY.



SOON I BEGAN TO SHAKE AND TREMBLE. I TURNED DEADLY COLD MY LEGS ACHED, MY LOINS ACHED AND I FELT SOME ALL OVER.



OH! NOW I WISHED FOR MY WARM THICK CLOTH AS I STOOD AND TREMBLED. I WISHED FOR JOHN, BUT HE HAD EIGHT MILES TO WALK---SO I LAY DOWN IN MY STALL AND TRIED TO GO TO SLEEP.



AFTER A LONG WHILE, I HEARD JOHN AT THE DOOR. I GAVE A LOW MOAN, FOR I WAS IN GREAT PAIN.



HE WAS AT MY SIDE IN A MOMENT. I COULD NOT TELL HIM HOW I FELT, BUT HE SEEMED TO KNOW IT ALL.



HE COVERED ME UP WITH TWO OR THREE WARM CLOTHS, AND THEN MADE ME SOME WARM DRUG, WHICH I DRANK.



AND THEN AS I TRIED TO GO TO SLEEP I HEARD JOHN MUMBLING TO HIMSELF...



BUT JOE WAS A GOOD BOY AFTER ALL.



I WAS NOW VERY ILL. JOHN NURSED ME NIGHT AND DAY. MY MASTER OFTEN CAME TO SEE ME.

MY POOR BEAUTY---  
MY GOOD HOMER, YOU  
SAVED YOUR MISTRESS'  
LIFE.



THOMAS GREEN, LITTLE JOE'S FATHER CAME IN ONE NIGHT TO SEE JOHN.

JOHN, I WISH YOU'D SAY A BIT  
OF A KIND WORD TO JOE. THE  
BOY IS QUITE BROKEN-  
HEARTED---



I DO NOT KNOW HOW LONG I WAS ILL. THE HORSE  
DOCTOR CAME EVERY DAY. ONE DAY HE BLEED ME  
I FELT VERY PAINFUL AFTER IT AND THOUGHT I  
SHOULD DIE AND I BELIEVE THEY ALL THOUGHT  
SO, TOO.



---HE CAN'T EAT HIS MEALS.  
AND HE CAN'T SMILE. HE  
SAYS HE KNOWS IT WAS ALL  
HIS FAULT, THOUGH HE'S  
SURE HE DID THE BEST  
HE KNOW.

WELL, I'LL TRY TO  
GIVE HIM A GOOD  
WORD TOMORROW--  
THAT IS, IF BEAUTY  
IS BETTER.



I SOON DID FEEL MUCH BETTER.



AS TIME WENT BY, JOE GREEN GOT A LONG VERY WELL.  
HE LEARNED QUICKLY, AND WAS SO ATTENTIVE AND  
CAREFUL THAT JOHN BEGAN TO TRUST HIM IN  
HARD JOBS.



I HAD NOW LIVED IN THIS HAPPY PLACE THREE YEARS BUT SAD CHANGES WERE ABOUT TO COME OVER US WE HEARD FROM TIME TO TIME THAT OUR MISTRESS WAS ILL. THE DOCTOR WAS OFTEN AT THE HOUSE, AND THE MASTER LOOKED GRAYE AND ANXIOUS. THEN WE HEARD THAT SHE MUST LEAVE HER HOME FOR TWO OR THREE YEARS.



EVERYBODY WAS SORRY THE MASTER BEGAN DIRECTLY TO MAKE ARRANGEMENTS FOR BREAKING UP HIS ESTABLISHMENT AND LEAVING ENGLAND WE USED TO HEAR ABOUT IT IN THE STABLE.



MERRYLESS HAD BEEN GIVEN TO THE EARL.

HE SHOULD NEVER BE SOLD WHEN HE IS FAST WORK. HE SHOULD BE SHOT AND BURED.



JOE WAS ENGAGED TO TAKE CARE OF HIM AND TO HELP IN THE HOUSE, SO I THOUGHT MERRYLESS WAS WELL OFF.



GINGER AND I WERE TO BE SOLD TO HIS OLD FRIEND, THE EARL. HE THOUGHT WE SHOULD HAVE A GOOD HOME THERE.



THE EVENING BEFORE THEIR DEPARTURE, THE MASTER CAME INTO THE STABLE.

HAVE YOU DECIDED WHAT TO DO, JOHN?

WELL, I'VE HAD SEVERAL GOOD OFFERS, BUT I'LL WAIT A LITTLE AND LOOK AROUND.



THE LAST SAD DAY HAD  
COME THE FOOTMAN HAD  
THE HEAVY LUGGAGE HAD  
BORG OFF THE DAY BEFORE,  
AND THERE REMAINED ONLY  
THE MASTER, THE MISTRESS  
AND HER MAID, SINGER AND  
I BROUGHT THE CARRIAGE  
UP TO THE HALL DOOR FOR  
THE LAST TIME.



MASTER CAME DOWN THE STEPS CARRYING THE  
MISTRESS IN HIS ARMS, WHILE THE HOUSE SERVANTS  
STOOD AROUND-GETTING.



GOOD-BYE! WE SHALL  
NEVER FORGET YOU!

DRIVE ON,  
JOHN!



THE LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE CAME PUFFING UP INTO  
THE STATION.



IN TWO OR THREE MINUTES, THE  
TRAIN SLIDED AWAY.

WE SHALL NEVER  
SEE HER AGAIN—  
—NEVER!



THE NEXT MORNING AFTER BREAKFAST, JOHN PUT THE SADDLE ON SINGER AND THE LEADING TEAM ON MC AND ROODE US ACROSS THE COUNTRY ABOUT FORTY-FIVE MILES TO MARSHALL PARK, WHERE THE EARL LIVED.



WE WERE TAKEN TO A LIGHT AIRY STABLE, WHERE WE MET MR YORK, WHO WAS TO BE OUR NEW COACHMAN.



WE LIKED YORK BUT EARLY IN THE SPRING, THE EARL WENT UP TO LONDON AND TOOK YORK WITH HIM, LEAVING THE HEAD BROOK, FREDERICK SMITH IN CHARGE.



ONE DAY, SMITH WAS SENT ON AN ERRAND I WAS ORDERED FOR THE JOURNEY.



WHEN WE HAD REACHED OUR DESTINATION, SMITH RODE ME OVER TO THE WHITE LION.



FEED HIM WELL, AND HAVE HIM READY FOR ME AT FOUR O'CLOCK.

HE DID NOT COME AT FOUR NOR FIVE... NOR SIX NOR SEVEN NOR EIGHT IT WAS NEARLY NINE O'CLOCK BEFORE HE CALLED FOR ME.



HE RETURNED IN HASTY TEMPER

"HAVE A CARE,  
MR SMITH"

"WIND YOUR BUSINESS"



THE MOON HAD NOT YET RISEN, AND IT WAS QUITE DARK. THE  
ROADS WERE STONY, HAVING BEEN RECENTLY MENDED SOME  
OVER THEM AT THIS PLACE, ONE OF MY FRONT SHOES  
BEGAN LOOSE.



ALMOST BEFORE WE WERE OUT OF TOWN, HE  
BEGAN TO GALLOWAY, FREQUENTLY WHIPPING ME  
A SHARP CUT WITH HIS WHIP, THOUGH I WAS  
GOING AT FULL  
SPEED.



AND WHEN WE CAME NEAR THE TURNPIKE GATE,  
IT CAME OFF



IF SMITH HAD BEEN IN  
HIS RIGHT SENSES, HE WOULD  
HAVE BEEN AWARE OF SOME-  
THING WRONG IN MY SADDLE, BUT  
HE WAS TOO MAD TO NOTICE  
ANYTHING

BEYOND THE TURNPIKE  
WAS A LONG STRETCH OF ROAD,  
UPON WHICH FRESH STONES  
HAD JUST BEEN LAID — LARGE  
SHARP STONES OVER WHICH  
NO HORSE COULD BE DRIVEN  
QUICKLY WITHOUT RISK OF  
AN ACCIDENT



OVER THE ROAD, WITH ONE SHOE GONE, I WAS FORCED TO GALLOP AT MY UTMOST SPEED. OF COURSE MY SHOELESS FOOT SUFFERED DREADFULLY! THE HOOF WAS BROKEN AND SPLIT DOWN TO THE VERY QUICK.



THIS COULD NOT GO ON, NO HORSE COULD KEEP HIS FOOTING UNDER SUCH CIRCUMSTANCES. THE PAIN WAS TOO GREAT. I STUMBLER — — —



—AND FELL WITH VIOLENCE ON BOTH OF AGNES' SMITH WAS FLUNG OFF.



I GOT TO MY FEET AND LIMPED TO THE SIDE OF THE ROAD.



THE MOON HAD JUST RISEN ABOVE THE HEDGE, AND BY ITS LIGHT I COULD SEE SMITH LYING A FEW YARDS BEYOND ME. HE DID NOT MOVE. I COULD DO NOTHING FOR HIM OR FOR MYSELF.



IT MUST HAVE BEEN MIDNIGHT WHEN I HEARD THE SOUND OF HORSE'S FEET. I WAS ALMOST SURE I COULD DISTINGUISH SINGER'S STEP.





ONE MORNING THE GATE WAS OPENED, AND WHO SHOULD COME IN, BUT DEAR OLD SINGER.



WITH A JOYFUL WHINNY, I TROTTED UP TO HER. WE WERE BOTH GLAD TO MEET.



BUT IT WAS NOT FOR OUR PLEASURE THAT SHE WAS WITH ME. HER STORY WOULD BE TOO LONG TO TELL, BUT THE END OF IT WAS THAT HARD SICKNESS HAD RUINED HER, AND SHE WAS NOW TURNED OUT TO SEE WHAT NEST COULD DO FOR HER.



ONE DAY WE SAW THE EARL COME INTO THE MEADOW, FORK WAS WITH HIM.



THEY EXAMINED US CAREFULLY. THE EARL SEEMED MUCH AMUSED.

THESE HORSES ARE RUINED! THE WHITE SHALL HAVE A TWELVE-MONTHS' RUN, AND WE SHALL SEE WHAT THAT WILL DO FOR HER---



--- BUT THE BLACK HORSE MUST BE SOLD. 'TIS A GREAT PITY, BUT I COULD NOT HAVE SCARRED KNEES LIKE THESE IN MY STABLES.





ABOUT A WEEK AFTER THIS I WAS LED AWAY SILENTLY AND I REIGNED TO EACH OTHER AS SHE TROTTED ALONG BY THE HEDGE.



WHEN I REACHED THE END OF MY JOURNEY, I FOUND MYSELF WELL ATTENDED IN A TOLERABLY COMFORTABLE STABLE.



OF COURSE I SOMETIMES CAME IN FOR GOOD DRIVING HERE. ONE DAY I FOUND I HAD SOMEONE RIDING ME WHO KNEW HOW A GOOD HORSE OUGHT TO BE DRIVEN. IT SEEMED LIKE OLD TIMES AGAIN AND MADE ME FEEL QUITE EASY.



THROUGH THE RECOMMENDATION OF SOME, I WAS BOUGHT BY THE MASTER OF THE LIVERY STABLES. I HAD TO GO BY TRAIN, A NEW EXPERIENCE FOR ME.



I WAS A "JOB-HORSE," LET OUT TO ALL SORTS OF PEOPLE WHO WISHED TO HIRE ME, AND AS I WAS GOOD-TEMPERED AND OBEYABLE, I THERE I WAS MORE OFTEN LET OUT TO THE IGNORANT DRIVERS.



THIS BENT LEMMA TOOK A GREAT LIKING TO ME. AFTER TRYING ME SEVERAL TIMES WITH THE SADDLE, HE PREVAILED UPON MY MASTER TO SELL ME TO A FRIEND OF HIS.



MY NEW MASTER WAS AN UNMARRIED MAN. HIS DOCTOR ADVISED HIM TO TAKE UP RIDING AND FOR THIS PURPOSE HE BOUGHT ME.



HE RENTED A STABLE A SHORT DISTANCE FROM HIS LODGING, AND ENGAGED A MAN, PILCHER, AS GROOM.



HE ORDERED THE BEST HAY WITH PLenty OF OATS, CRUSHED BEANS, AND GRASS WITH VETCHES. ON MY GRASS I HEARD THE MASTER GIVE THE ORDER, SO I KNEW THERE WAS PLenty OF FOOD AND I THOUGHT I WAS WELL OFF.



FOR A FEW DAYS ALL WENT WELL. BUT AFTER A WHILE IT SEEMED TO ME THAT MY FOOD CAME VERY SHORT.



IN TWO OR THREE WEEKS THIS BEGAN TO TELL UPON MY STRENGTH AND SPIRIT.



MY MASTER SUSPECTED THAT PILCHER WAS STEALING AND SELLING MY FOOD. PILCHER WAS CAUGHT IN THE ACT, ARRESTED AND SENTENCED TO PRISON.



MY MASTER DECIDED TO GIVE UP KEEPING HORSES, AND TO HIRE ONE WHEN HE WANTED TO RIDE. I WAS THEREFORE SOLD AGAIN.



MY NEW MASTER'S NAME WAS JEREMIAH BARKER, BUT AS EVERYONE CALLED HIM JERRY, I SHALL GO BY THE NAME JERRY. HAD A CAR OF HIS OWN.



POLLY, HIS WIFE, WAS A PLUMP, TINY LITTLE WOMAN. HIS SON HARRY WAS TWELVE YEARS OLD, AND HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER DOLLY WAS EIGHT. I NEVER KNEW SUCH A HAPPY FAMILY.



IT WAS A GREAT TREAT TO BE PETTED AGAIN. THEY MADE AS MUCH OF ME AS IF I HAD BEEN THE "BLACK BEAUTY" OF TIMES GONE BY.



MY FIRST WEEK AS A CAR-HORSE WAS TRYING I HAD NOT BEEN USED TO LONDON.



IN A SHORT TIME MY MASTER AND I UNDERSTOOD EACH OTHER, AS WELL AS HORSE AND MAN CAN. I NEVER KNEW A BETTER MAN.



ONE DAY, TWO WILD-LOOKING MEN CAME BY THE STAND.





AS I WAS WONDERING WHERE I HAD SEEN THAT HORSE BEFORE, SHE LOOKED UP AT ME AND SAID, "BLACK BEAUTY IS THAT YOU?"

IT WAS SINGERS' BUT HOW CHANGED THE FACE ONCE FULL OF SPIRIT AND LIFE. NOW SHOWED ONLY SUFFERING. IT WAS A SAD TALE SHE HAD TO TELL.



"I WISH THE END WOULD COME," SHE SAID "I'VE SEEN DEAD HORSES, AND I'M SURE THEY DON'T SUFFER. I WISH I MAY SLEEP DOWN DEAD AT MY WORK."

I WAS MUCH TROUBLED AS I PUT MY NOSE UP TO MINE, BUT COULD SAY NOTHING TO COMFORT HER. I THINK SHE WAS PLEASED TO SEE ME, FOR SHE SAID, "YOU ARE THE ONLY FRIEND I EVER HAD."



JUST THEN THE DRIVER CAME UP AND BROVE OFF, LEAVING ME VERY SAD INDEED.



A SHORT TIME AFTER THIS, A CART WITH A DEAD HORSE IN IT PASSED OUR CAB STAND. I BELIEVE IT WAS BINGER I HOPED IT WAS, THEN HER TROUBLES WOULD BE OVER. OH, IF MEN WERE MERCIFUL, THEY WOULD SHOOT US BEFORE LETTING US SUFFER SUCH MISERY.



A POOR YOUNG WOMAN, CARRYING A HEAVY CHILD, CAME ALONG THE STREET.

COULD YOU TELL ME THE WAY TO ST THOMAS' HOSPITAL, AND HOW FAR IS IT?

WHY, MRS. YOU CAN'T GET THERE WALKING. IT'S THREE MILES AND THAT CHILD IS HEAVY. JUST GET INTO THE CAB, I'LL DRIVE YOU.



NO, SIR, I DON'T HAVE ENOUGH MONEY.

I'LL TAKE YOU THERE FOR NOTHING, COME, LET ME HELP YOU!



CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR ARE MERRY TIMES FOR SOME, BUT FOR GARMEN AND GARMEN'S HORSES, IT IS NO HOLIDAY. THE WORK IS HARD AND OFTEN LATE.



ON THE EVENING OF THE NEW YEAR WHEN WE FINALLY GOT HOME, JERRY COULD HARDLY SPEAK, HE WAS COUGHING TERRIBLY.



THE NEXT MORNING, I HEARD DOLLY CRYING.

"HARRY--- THE DOCTOR SAID FATHER IS VERY ILL---(WEEEE)"

I KNOW, DOLLY!



JERRY GREW BETTER STEADILY, BUT THE DOCTOR SAID HE MUST NEVER GO TO WORK AGAIN. IF HE WISHED TO LIVE TO BE AN OLD MAN.

WHAT WILL FATHER AND MOTHER DO NOW, HARRY?"

I DON'T KNOW--- I WISH I COULD HELP!



SOMEBODY TOLD US GOOD NEWS. MRS. FOWLER, MY OLD MISTRESS HAS JUST ANSWERED MY LETTER. WE'RE ALL TO GO AND LIVE NEAR HER. HER OGDONMAN IS LEAVING AND SHE WANTS FATHER IN HIS PLACE.



AND DOLLY WAS SOLD TO A CORN DEALER...



THERE WAS A FOREMAN WHO WAS ALWAYS HURRYING AND DRIVING EVERYONE.



THE CARTERS ALWAYS HAD THE BEARING RIG UP, WHICH PREVENTED ME FROM DRIVING EASILY BY THE TIME I HAD BEEN THERE THREE OR FOUR MONTHS, I FELT THE WORK TELLING HEAVILY ON MY STRENGTH.



THE PAIR OF THAT CART WHIP WAS SHARP TO BE PUNISHED WHEN I WAS DOING MY BEST TOOK THE HEART OUT OF ME.



NO USE MAKING TWO TRIPS---LOAD THESE ON!

YES, SIR!



ONE DAY I WAS LOADED MORE THAN USUAL. PART OF THE ROAD WAS A STEEP UPHILL. I USED ALL MY STRENGTH BUT I COULD NOT GET ON.



A YOUNGER HORSE WAS BROUGHT IN MY PLACE, AND I WAS SOLD TO A LARGE CAB OWNER BY THE NAME OF SKINNER.

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I NEVER KNEW TILL NOW THE UTTER MISERY OF A GAB-  
HORSE'S LIFE. SKINNER HAD A LOW SET OF GABS AND  
A LOW SET OF DRIVERS.



MY LIFE HAD SO COMPLETELY WRETCHED  
THAT I WISHED I MIGHT, LIKE GINGER,  
DROP DOWN DEAD AT MY WORK AND BE  
OUT OF MY MISERY.



AND ONE DAY MY WISH WAS ALMOST GRANTED

PAPA--- I'M SURE THIS POOR HORSE  
CAN'T TAKE US AND ALL OUR LUGGAGE  
SO FAR HE SEEMS SO TERRIBLY  
WEARY--- LOOK AT HIM

OH, HE'S ALL RIGHT, MISS---  
HE'S STRONG ENOUGH!



I THINK YOUR DAUGHTER  
IS RIGHT, SIR THERE IS SO  
MUCH LUGGAGE, WOULD YOU  
CARE TO TAKE A SECOND  
CAB?

PAPA, PLEASE  
DO TAKE  
ANOTHER  
CAB?



DRIVER! CAN YOUR  
HORSE DO IT, OR  
CAN'T HE?

OH, HE CAN DO IT  
ALL RIGHT,  
SIR!





THOUGH THE LOAD WAS VERY HEAVY AND I HAD HAD  
NEITHER FOOD NOR REST SINCE THE MORNING, I DID  
MY BEST, AS I ALWAYS HAD IN SPITE OF CRUELTY  
AND INJUSTICE.



I GOT ALONG FAIRLY WELL UNTIL WE CAME  
TO LEGGATE HILL BUT THERE THE HEAVY  
LOAD AND MY OWN EXHAUSTION WERE  
TOO MUCH. I WAS STRUGGLING TO  
KEEP ON---



SUDDENLY MY FEET SLIPPED FROM UNDER ME, AND  
I FELL HEAVILY TO THE GROUND.



I HAD NO POWER TO MOVE. I THOUGHT NOW I  
WAS GOING TO DIE.



OH, THAT  
POOR HORSE!

I THINK  
HE'S DEAD!

HE'LL NEVER  
SET UP AGAIN!

STAND BACK,  
EVERYONE!



SOME COLD WATER WAS THROWN OVER MY HEAD AND SOME MEDICINE WAS POURED DOWN MY MOUTH. I CANNOT TELL HOW LONG I LAY THERE...



I STAGGERED TO MY FEET AND WAS CONTOLED TO SOME STABLES WHICH WERE CLOSE BY.



IN THE MORNING, CONNER CAME WITH A FARRIER TO LOOK AT ME.

THIS IS A CASE OF OVERWORK, MR. SKINNER. THERE'S NOT ONE QUINCE OF STRENGTH IN HIM. HE NEEDS REST.

THEN HE MUST GO TO THE BOSS. I HAVE NO MEADOWS TO NURSE SUCH HORSES IN.



THERE'S A SALE OF HORSES COMING OFF IN ABOUT TEN DAYS. IF YOU REST HIM AND FEED HIM, YOU'LL GET MORE THAN HIS HIRE IS WORTH AT ANY RATE.



TEN DAYS OF PERFECT REST, PLENTY OF GOOD OATS, HAY, BRAN WASHES WITH BOILED LINSEED MIXED IN THEM. DID MORE TO BUILD UP MY CONDITION THAN ANYTHING ELSE COULD HAVE.



THE TWELFTH DAY AFTER THE ACCIDENT, I WAS TAKEN TO THE SALE, A FEW MILES OUT OF LONDON. I HELD MY HEAD UP HIGH AND HOPED FOR THE BEST.



AT THE SALE, I FOUND MYSELF IN COMPANY WITH OLD, RICKEN-SOWN HORSES

THERE'S A HORSE, WILLIE, THAT HAS KNOWN BETTER DAYS

POOR OLD FELLOW



HOW WELL HE UNDERSTANDS KINDNESS, GRANDPAPA. COULDN'T YOU BUY HIM AND MAKE HIM YOUNG AGAIN, AS YOU DID WITH LADYBIRD?

I CAN'T MAKE ALL OLD HORSES YOUNG---



THE YOUNG LAD PLEADED WITH HIS GRANDFATHER, AND SO I WAS BOUGHT FOR FIVE POUNDS

I MUST HAVE RAY AND GETS NIGHT AND MORNING AND THE RUN OF THE MEADOW

JUST GIVE HIM IN MY CHARGE, GRANDPAPA



THE PERFECT REST, THE GOOD FOOD, THE SOFT TURF, AND THE GENTLE EXERCISE SOON BEGAN TO TELL IN MY CONDITION AND MY SPIRITS

OH, GRANDPAPA, NOW GLAD I AM

SO AM I, MY BOY. HE MUST NOW BE LOOKING FOR A PLACE FOR HIM WHERE HE WILL BE VALUED



ONE DAY DURING THE SUMMER, THE SMOKE CLEANED ME AND DRESSME WITH SUCH EXTRAORDINARY CARE THAT I KNEW ANOTHER CHANGE WAS AT HAND



I'M SURE WE WOULD LIKE HIM



# BLACK BEAUTY

## Conclusion:

I was then led to my new stable, fed, and left to myself. The next day, when my groom was cleaning my face, he said—

*"That is just like the star that Black Beauty had, he is much the same height too; I wonder where he is now."*

A little further on, he came to the place in my neck where I was bled, and where a little knot was left in the skin. He almost started, and began to look me over carefully, talking to himself.



*"White star in the forehead, one white foot on the off side, this little knot just in that place"—then looking at the middle of my back—"and as I am alive, there's that little patch of white hair that John used to call 'Beauty's threepenny bit.' It must be Black Beauty! Why, Beauty! Beauty, do you know me? Little Joe Green, that almost killed you?" And he began patting me and patting me as if he were quite overjoyed.*

I have now lived in this happy place a whole year. Joe is the best and kindest of grooms. My work is easy and pleasant, and I feel my strength and spirits all coming back again. Willie's grandpapa said to Joe the other day—

*"In your place he will last till he is twenty years old—perhaps more."*

Willie always speaks to me when he can, and treats me as his special friend. My ladies have promised that I shall never be sold, and so I have nothing to fear; and here my story ends. My troubles are all over, and I am at home; and often before I awake, I fancy I am still in the Orchard at Birtwick, standing with my old friends under the apple trees.

